THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LVI. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, OCTOBER 18, 1906. No. 42

NEVER THIS SELFSAME WAY.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen;
When we come back we'll see the glad young
things,"
He said. We came not by that way again;
And time and thrushes fare on eager wings!

"Yon rose," she smiled. "But no; when we return,
I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a summer day.
The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn
Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

Ve do not pass the selfsame way again,
Or, passing by that way, no thing we find
As it before had been; but dearth or stain
Hath come upon it, or the wasteful wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arms
Reach for the beauty that detained our eyes;
Yes, it is lost beyond the aid of charms
If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize.

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's brink,
Through life's fair fields, say not, "Another day
This joy I'll prove;" for never, as I think,
Never shall we come this selfsame way.

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Established 1851

Entered at San Francisco P. O. as second-class matter.

Entered temporarily at Berkeley.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $2 per year.

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A SIGNIFICANT DONATION.

Many noteworthy gifts are being made for the restoration of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco to its old place of power and influence. Mention has already been made in our columns of some of them. A recent one well worth mentioning has come from a Roman Catholic woman in New England, a servant in one of the homes there. It was after her entrance into that home that she was taught to read. It is said that the chief text book used was the children's page in the Congregationalist. After a while her interest extended to other parts of the paper. Since the earthquake and fire in San Francisco she has read considerable that has appeared in that paper concerning the great disaster. Not long ago she brought to her mistress a dollar and said that she wished it to go toward the work of rebuilding the churches in San Francisco. When asked whether she wished it to go to the Catholic rebuilding work she replied: "The Catholics have enough money. I want this money to go to a Congregational church, and I would like Dr. Adams to have it."

Herein is one of the good signs of the times. Constantly, the world over, Christians are coming closer together. The great calamity of the 18th of April operated in bringing them closer together here in California. Several of our people in whose homes or churches Roman Catholics were cared for in those days of distress have had letters conveying the information that henceforth they will have a feeling for Protestants different from that which they had theretofore. Scales have fallen from their eyes, and they see as they had not seen before.

"Our friend, our brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee!"

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The light, the truth, the way!"

IS IT A "CALL OF THE WILD"?

The Rev. Robert Whitaker, pastor of the Twenty-Third Avenue Baptist Church of Oakland, has presented his resignation in a letter to his church which is highly significant and noteworthy. He states that if he ever takes another pastorate it must be one which will afford him more leisure and retirement for literary work, saying in that connection:

"But I do not wish another pastorate if I can win my way along the lines of my convictions. Far more than my concern for my health, more even than my love of letters is the persuasion in me that I belong to all the churches rather than to any one. I purpose to stay with the denomination, for I think a man works best who works with some recognized Christian body; and so far as I have any preference it is with the fellowship to which I am accustomed. But I have ceased to feel any deep interest in sectarian issues and would rather a thousand times promote Christian unity than discuss doctrinal diversity. The kingdom is vastly more to me than any church or all the churches.

"Besides the interest of my ministry is increasingly sociological rather than theological. I cannot concern myself intensely in saving men from the wrath to come when the matter of immediate agency seems to me to be to save them from the reign of sordidness and selfishness here. I think that the church needs to be saved only a little less than the world, and that until the church is saved it will be practically powerless to save the world. And the message which the church needs today is the gospel of social responsibility, to balance its otherwise exaggerated emphasis of individual salvation. In the social crisis which is upon us the ministry of the church has broken down, and the men of the church are social sinners equally with men who profess no Christian faith. More than this the weakness of the church lies in the fact that the average 'saved' man or woman has no vision of what a saved life really means in relation to other lives, or with regard to social and commercial ethics. What is needed to give the note of reality to Christian preaching and Christian living is a fresh vision of the real Christ!"

Mr. Whitaker states that it is his profound belief that he has a message for the churches; and continues:

"I have waited and wished that some one abler than I, and some one who cares less for the quiet life, would come among us with this word that so much needs to be said. I do not know how far it is in me to give it, but I do know that my ministry among you has been a continual conflict for me by reason of the urgency of this other ministry which I alternately longed for and feared to undertake. I cannot, however, stay any longer. Whether I succeed or fail in the thing that is on my heart, I must at least try to follow the gleam."

Mr. Whitaker declares further: "Of this I am confident, that I have given myself to God with the uttermost desire to know and do his will, and that he has given me a word to the churches which in some way or other I must speak."

It seems to be his plan to establish for a time a country home in the hills near Los Gatos where he hopes to combat more successfully some physical ailment, and there to lay his plans for the future. "There is much to arrange," he says, "before I can follow the inner call as I would."

Mr. Whitaker is a man of scholarly attainments; is the author of some very good poems and has in the hands of publishers at the present time a novel dealing with some of the social problems of the day.

To our question, "Is it a call of the wild"? we answer, No. We believe that God has for the Christian churches and for the world some such message as has been tugging at this brother's heart-strings for

utterance, and that men heroic enough to proclaim it are to be raised up ere long for its proclamation. It is to be hoped that Mr. Whitaker may find that retirement which will make it possible for him to come before the world in due time with a social message which, freed from crudities and eccentricities, will operate in lifting mankind speedily up many rounds nearer God. More brotherhood both within and without the church is the call of the times; and it is the call of God.

FOUNDERS' DAY AT PACIFIC SEMINARY

A very pleasant event in Congregational circles, hereabouts, was the celebration by Pacific Theological Seminary on Thursday of last week of Founders' Day. An address of high value historically was given by the Rev. H. E. Jewett who had had intimate acquaintance with the three men to whom above all others must be given the credit for the beginning on our shores at an early day of this important educational institution—Drs. Benton, Mooar and Dwinell.

Professor Nash, in way of introduction, said that it was hoped that the day would take even a larger place in the institution as the years went on. He expressed gratification that we yet had with us men who had been in intimate association with these greatly beloved men of the earlier days, so that through their acquaintance with them we might get the impress of their characters and somewhat of the spirit of their lives.

Mr. Jewett, in beginning his paper, said that it was a satisfaction to have been a "'69er," if one could not be a "'49er;" for it brought one into relation with many who have worked nobly in shaping our California civilization.

We quote briefly from the closing part of Mr. Jewett's paper:

"A trio of Christian men from three new England States, from three New England colleges, from three Eastern seminaries, from three Massachusetts pastorates, were brought together at the Golden Gate, to preach the one Gospel from their Western pulpits, to promote the founding of one college that has developed into a University of world-wide fame, and to help found one theological seminary that is to be the peer of any in the land, and in that one seminary to educate Christian men who have gone out into the world to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Can we withhold the plaudit: 'Servants of God Well done!'

"These three men unite to form an historic group, standing in the foreground of this Seminary. Without them it possibly might not have been; through them its beginning and early life were largely shaped. Other men wrought with them to whom great honor and deep appreciation are due. Other men are following in their footsteps whose 'works praise them in the Gate'; but today we concentrate our attention upon these three.

"Whatever they lacked (and they were human) they lacked not the courage of their convictions; they were not blind to their opportunities; they were wise in their generation; they had 'the prevision of seers.'

"In addition to labors that of themselves would glorify any life they wrought for this Institution, and through it for the world, a work so unique, so great, so full of promise that no student in Pacific Theological Seminary can come under the influence of its traditions and historic inspirations until he understands the character and work of its pioneer teachers, Benton, Mooar and Dwinell.

"To tell you of such lives all words are weak,
And song and eloquence are dumb
In presence of those deeds that make the sum
Of their humanity. Their records speak
Unto us like the fragrance of a breath
Of holy incense from the house of Death.
Rome, 'mid her saints, none saintlier could show."

Among the persons in attendance at the meeting last Thursday were two of the alumni of the Seminary who had been under the tuition of these men to whom tribute was being paid—the Revs. L. D. Rathbone and F. H. Maar. Each spoke of the great help that had come to them from these consecrated men. Mr. Maar stated that it was a prayer by Dr. Dwinell, in which were the words "O Lord, raise up young men to give themselves to the Christian ministry; which laid such hold of him that he had no peace until he had turned in that direction. Speaking concerning Dr. Mooar, he said that when he needed comfort he was accustomed to take and read from his book, "Good Cheer"—a book which could come only from such a man of God as Dr. Mooar was.

Mr. Rathbone laid emphasis on the personal contact which these men gave the students in the Seminary as the greatest thing in the educative process. Very touching was his reference to the manner in which Dr. Mooar had come to him in the times of bereavement in the years since he left the Seminary.

Toward the close of the services Professor Nash spoke of the great privilege we have here in California in that there is present with us the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Willey, whose life has been builded into so much that is good and enduring. Dr. Willey was asked to lead in a closing prayer. With great tremor in his voice Dr. Willey gave thanks to God that he had brought these three men of blessed memory to our shores at a time when there was so little to attract and so much to do and that we today can look back on their lives of faithful Christian service. Then he turned in his thought from the past to the present and the future and prayed most fervently that the Seminary might ever stand for the truth that has been revealed in Christ.

Among the closing portions of the service was the singing of two stanzas of the California hymn written by Dr. Benton, which stanzas have been adopted as a "Seminary Hymn." They are:

California golden sandalled,
Decked in robes of living green,
Flashing gems are in her girdle,
On her brow a snowy sheen.
Throned upon her hills of beauty,
Flowers and fields before her strown,
Waves her hand in wide dominion,
Isles and oceans are her own.

Speed the day of her redemption,
Haste, brave heralds of the truth,
Tell ye out Life's gracious story,
Hallow now her radiant youth.
Hail the joy of her salvation,
Reapers, bring ye in your sheaves,
Sing of faith in love triumphant,
O'er a realm that Christ receives.

Throughout, the present writer was impressed with the thought that no one in that student body, and no friend in attendance, could listen to such a service without an inspiration toward consecrated living.

There came also the thought that the history of California can never be accurately written by any one who does not take into account the lives of Drs. Benton, Mooar and Dwinell. Far beyond the scope of the special work in which these men were engaged, their lives have operated in molding our institutions.

A GREAT MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

The Centennial of the Haystack Prayer Meeting.

[The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions celebrated last week at North Adams, Massachusetts, the one hundredth anniversary of the haystack prayer meeting near Williams College, out of which sprang the foreign missionary work which has been the glory of the nineteenth century. The annual sermon was given by President Gates of Pomona College, situated at Claremont, California. His text was, "The love of Christ Constraineth Us." It was a ringing appeal for a forward movement. We give here a part of the sermon—beginning about the middle of it and continuing to the end.—Ed.]

The spirit of this meeting is: courage, forward. But let it be that deep courage not afraid to face the facts, not deceived by the glare of a temporary success; not afraid to recognize the danger of reaction, that may take the insidious shape of wicked contentment in any past far or near. With all that ministers to our cheer this day let us know that the coming days and years will demand of us utter seriousness, a devotion of spirit and consecration to work such as we have not yet known, if God's will is to be done in us and through us in this work. Dare we forget these latter years of emptiness of missionary treasuries? It is God's blessing of success that the work pushes us and pleads for help with strong crying that ought to break harder hearts than even ours. The sorry fact is that there are hundreds of our churches and thousands of our people that know little and care less for the world of Foreign Missions. The doing of any work that is worth while costs in effort and sacrifice. Nevertheless these Herculean labors necessary to gather money are not our glory but our shame.

Are we conscious of our dishonor that the missionary forces are bidden year by year to cease to advance; bidden to do less than stand still, even to retrench and retreat and give up well begun enterprises, cut off prospering out-stations, sacrificing the work of years? Were it not inexpressibly sad, it would be no less than fearfully ridiculous. For a hundred years prayers for the success on mission fields have been made in countless numbers. Now must the prayer be: "Lord, please, not so much success. We didn't realy mean it. We are poor and cannot pay the bills. Rebuke the zeal of those dreadfully successful missionaries lest we be forced to give until we starve," —that too in days of material prosperity never before known in this nation; in days when in ten years Congregationalists of America have increased their wealth by two hundred and forty million dollars, at the same time cutting off ten per cent of their church contributions.

What does it mean, this anomaly, discrepancy, this maladjustment between prayer and act, between opportunity and achievement, between the open door and the failure to enter in, this sending out an army and withholding its supplies, this breach of contract with those at front, this failure to honor victories as they deserve honor in the forward movement to greater victories? What does it mean? Why not tell the truth? A sermon should dare to tell it; should not dare not to tell it.

Well, then, here it is in all its stark honesty: We American Christians do not believe in Christian missions. That is, we do not believe in Christ. That is, we would patronize God, instead of worshiping him, and serving him, as children of the Kingdom, who believe in the Kingdom and in the Redemption of this world. We believe in automobiles a hundred times more than we believe in missions.

If Jesus should appear in one of our churches, some member of that church would patronize him by offering (that is the word) to take him for a spin Sunday afternoon in his new fifty horse-power machine, a man who had perhaps put one ringing dollar on the plate for Foreign Missions. The machine is well enough in its place. It is only here a typical illustrative answer to the question whether we believe in missions. Christianity is missions; we make it one of our conveniences. The cross is a dainty ornament at vest or throat; if it could once more, as it was, be a word unfit to be spoken in polite society, it might again have power,—power to save us from our poor pretenses of faith.

The great Christian world needs rebuke, not wheedling; needs to feel shame to look Jesus in the face, while His work stands calling to ears that will not hear. The pity of it? Not a bit of it. The dishonor of it! Let us not creep behind pretense of weakness; let us confess our sin. Well has it been said: "The greatest peril of Christianity is not in criticism, whether it be biblical or theological, but in the failure of the professed followers of Jesus to live the life of love and unselfish devotion which he taught and illustrated."

One other rebuke from modern missions as compared with former times is this: the adding years have heaped up the business obligation. That is, those missionary men and women have gone out at the appeal of our churches into this life work. They have permanently forsaken all making their greatest gift, their lives. To the support of their work our churches are pledged by the most solemn obligations organized society knows. Just suppose that it is not so. Then all gifts may cease, the missionary rooms at home close, all missionary enterprises be called off, the missionaries come home.

What a nightmare. What a horror of impossibility. Well, it would seem to be, either—or, if it be the Lord's business, it ought to be pushed or dropped, not dawdled with. "Lord bless our feeble efforts" is a poor prayer for self-respecting folk to put up. The old time biblical answer to that cowardly and shameful attitude might be, nay is: "Son of Man, stand up on your feet and I will speak to you."

Different days must come, for God is not sleeping nor has He given up His Son's gospel to failure. When those other days do come into our superficial Christian civilization they will come with the whelming of a mighty passion. Passion, that is the word,—that is the word of this hour, by which may the hour be remembered.

Our third and last consideration is:

"The Passion of The Cross"

It is not without significance that the great word "Passion" has a double meaning. Its ordinary use among Christians is to refer to the passive suffering of Jesus on the Cross. That has touched the heart of mankind. The pathos of Calvary has redemptive power so long as human history shall be. That proof of God's love even for those who have scorned and hated Him, this human race can never forget. It lies at the very heart of the Christian preacher's gospel.

But passion has another meaning,—suffering still, but suffering because of the drive from within of a mighty desire.

It is that meaning which has more and more to realize itself in Christian thought.

The fact is the ongoing of the universe is by impulse from within more than by compulsion from without. In human life all sorts of passions in all grades of love and hate drive the affairs of men at a stiff pace. But there is one passion to the indulgence of which one may give himself up with absolute abandon of surrender and all will be of safety unto salvation,—the passion to minister to any need. That was God's love revealed on the cross. Would we know how much God loved men? Ask Calvary. That is the passion we are bidden to share and show to all men.

The real passion of Christ is what moved his whole life, including his death, namely, the passion to help and save. It is not only to provide a way of salvation if men will enter upon it. It is to go out with the passion of an infinite wish and will to set men into that way. It is the passion to spring to rescue when the cry of "Help" is heard! We humans know something of the leap of the heart and body, in response to that ringing call; what must be the passion of one like Jesus, over against the world's cry of need, and the call of the far deeper unuttered or even unfelt need! That passion was back of Paul's word: "The love of Christ has gripped me," "till it is no longer I, but Christ in me."

It is that phase of the passion of the Cross that is the actual cause of our assembling at this place this day. The young men whom we remember were on fire with that same divine passion to help and to save. It is the passion for souls, only amplified into something more nearly approaching the divine ideal for all human life. For the "Kingdom of God" in Bible usage is not heaven nor in heaven. "The tabernacle of God is with men." The Kingdom of God is here on this prosaic earth. God is here or nowhere. Our work is to bring about the Kingdom of God here in human life and human organizations.

When we can once see it, the right soul is set on fire with the passion of it. Do we think we shall go on playing at missions, giving our dimes or quarters, or the mere overflow of our possessions, whether we be rich or poor; or giving the little remainders of our thought and interest and plannings and purposes—when once the Passion of Jesus gets its grip on God's people? It is hard to believe that we shall reach our second hundred years' end without having come to some fuller exemplification of what the passion of Jesus may do in the hearts of those who now languidly bear his name. Would that there might go out from this meeting, some beginning of that passion. It would most mightily change the spirit of our churches in all their life. "I gave, I gave my life for thee; what hast thou given for me?"

Do we imagine that there is no more call for great feelings and great deeds? Are the heroic days all gone? Is there for us and our children only smiling contentment at best mildly recognizant of great deeds of other years? Have we nothing on which to pour out the wealth of our best enthusiasms, but patronizingly admiring the great souls of the past, their great passions and great sacrifices and great patiences and great works, as we read them in story and verse? Ask Livingstone, dying on his knees by his cot in the heart of darkest Africa, after thirty years of his own life given, commending that continent to God and us,—if there is no more call of God to man. Ask Mackay, the Church of England martyr—missionary of Uganda, glad to live for and be counted worthy to die for the far worse than brute savages of Africa. Ask young Thurston coming home to die, but falling asleep in my California home before he could reach his own in Massachusetts, glad to have begun to give his life for China.

And Pitkin, dying under Boxer weapons for the Chinese in the spirit in which Jesus died for all men, consecrating with his last words his baby boy to work to save those who were murdering him. Shall we forget that pathetic word of the son of Abner Kingman, name long and still honored in the history of this Board,—the son himself having given up the health of a strong man in that North China field? This was his word of wonder, as he referred to Pitkin and the rest:

"Tell me, honestly, could they or we have believed that five years later the church of Christ at home would not have advanced one step, but would even be letting slip the very precious fruits of their brief work, and pleading poverty as a reason for leaving half deserted the fields that had been their home? Could they have dreamed their devoted sacrifice would stand out so strangely against the background of cool indifference? Yet this has come to pass! It is for us to end the reproach and pity of it, and to follow them and our Lord in a spirit of like devotion to the people they loved.

"These broken bodies of our friends lie today under the gray walls of Paoting-fu, and in far off Shansi. * *We cast them there. * * * We cannot fail to follow them in a like devotion, except at a sacrifice of honor." That rebuke may meet its answer some great day, when the Love of Christ shall lay grip on the souls of the church people of our land.

That Christlike passion of Pitkin's for China may yet do its legitimate work. I have the memory of two days at his college down by New Haven bay. One is of the great football game of the year with its forty thousand spectators, its passion of nervous energy of all the throng, for what? A mere game of not a fig's consequence as to which should win. The other memory, is of the next day, a quiet Sunday afternoon, walking down the stairway of the Christian Association building at Yale, coming suddenly face to face with the fine portrait of Horace Pitkin, with its inscription of eloquent simplicity.

The portrait with its story, the look straight from its eyes into eyes of every man of Yale who walks down those stairs, the lips almost speaking the call of that inscription, this may some divine day rouse in Yale men and the college men of America a passion, not for a game of passing interest, but for a life's work and life's gift to the greatest cause in all the world, Christian missions. Why not? Are we so faithless to deem it impossible? God forbid it.

Men like these must not fail in their vision of the future, namely, that other men will carry on their

work. In a right universe there can be at last no such outcome of despair. Our faith rejects any such finality. That would be to believe in death and not in life.

And not only these men, but hundreds and thousands just as devoted who have lived whole long life times of the noblest work man may know, men and women of whose fellowship we at home are little worthy. God may yet find some way to call us out of our faithlessness in spirit and in action.

But we know another phrase: The Triumph of the cross. The movements of God in History are like the slow uplift of the mountains and continents out of the sea, a fraction of an inch in a century. Though our patience be sorely taxed our faith knows no ultimate discouragement. The Triumph of the Cross; that is our faith. But the Thiumph of the Cross has always been and will always be by the way of the Passion of the Cross. "Jesus * * humbled himself * * to the death of the cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him." Not by the cross emblazoned on banners of crusading armies of devastation, but by the Spirit of the cross in the lives of those who bear his name: the Spirit of the cross in the conduct toward other peoples of those nations that call themselves Christian.

Is this vision vanity—this dream that a church shall yet be upon the earth, that shall know the Passion of the Cross? Shall Jesus never see of the "travail of His soul" and begin to "be satisfied?" Is Gethsemane clean forgot? Amidst the din and show and pride and anxieties of our human life, God give baptism of the Spirit, and of fire of the Passion of the Cross! Under the inspiration of such vision this American Board began its life. Under some measure of the same inspiration its members home and abroad, live and work still. Under the holier inspiration of the good success of a hundred years of blessing; with the broader and truer conception of the great work, we go forward to a new century of endeavor. The call is never: "Back to Christ," but always: "Forward with Christ." May this new century of missions in all churches know a sharing of the Passion of the Cross that the future may heed the rebukes of the past, redeem its pledges and fulfill its promise.

MUNKACSY'S CHRIST.

By S. M. Freeland.

An article in The Pacific for Sept. 29, upon this peasant painter, draws attention to his greatest painting, which is great in everything but his portrait of the Christ.

When Mr. Wanamaker, the owner of this picture, put it on exhibition in Chicago, some twenty-eight years ago, a fellow artist who had worked beside Munkacsy in Paris, drew my attention to the picture of Jesus on the canvass, explaining to me that the painter was an Agnostic, and so could make of his Christ only a knave or a fanatic, and had chosen the latter. A fact which is patent even in the photographs of the picture and a fact which Mr. Wanamaker must have overlooked in the dazzling brightness of the whole scene. My artist friend said that he had used in his own "St. John at the Cross" the same model for his John whom Munkacsy chose for his Christ, only the latter had dyed the hair of the model.

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.—Antonius.

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Geo. M. Morrison.

However it is to be accounted for, Southern California Congregationalists think that each annual meeting of their Association rises to a height of interest and power surpassing all previous ones. The twentieth annual meeting held at Claremont, Oct. 8-11, was no exception to this rule of progress. Perhaps in this instance there are three or four special causes contributing to this result additional to the general cause, namely, the wonderful development in all respects of the section of the country represented. The meeting was at the seat of our noble Pomona College, the time was coincident with that of the great American Board Anniversary with which the telegraph brought us in touch, and a Providential dispensation carried our sense of fellowship into the house of many mansions whither the oldest and best beloved member of our fellowship has just entered. Moreover, the Southern California brotherhood is still under the stimulating influence of the Pacific Congress which was with us but a few months since, and the Association meeting was carried along its way by the momentum of the former epoch-making event. Certainly each of these facts powerfully influenced by the program and entertainment committees, left nothing to be desired in the way of guarantee of the comfort and pleasure and edification of those who were so fortunate as to attend. Fully two hundred delegates and pastors enjoyed the Claremont hospitality and the delightful fellowship and spiritual uplift of the Association. An unusual proportion of this number stayed through the entire meeting.

Under the efficient chairmanship of the Claremont pastor, Rev. Henry Kingman, D.D., the committee of arrangement started the Association with an excellent program, and the speakers whom they selected gave a high average quality of paper and address. We were gathered in the beautiful and admirably equipped building of the church which had just been completed; and this together with the evidences of college expansion dominating the town betokened the general growth of which our household of faith is sharer.

The present writer had no idea until the meeting was closing that he would be called upon to report the Association to The Pacific and listened with no effort to fix in memory any of the spoken words or even the transacted business. Two of the notable papers he did not hear at all; and he is not within reach of other brethren from whom he might suplement his memories. Accordingly his report must be almost entirely of impressions.

The Association organized with the election of Rev. C. P. Dorland, of the rapidly growing Plymouth Church of Long Beach, as moderator; Mr. George W. Marston, of San Diego, assistant moderator; and Rev. W. N. Burr, of Corona, scribe. Of the esteemed permanent officers, Rev. F. J. Culver, registrar and treasurer, was present, guiding the opening and organizing of the meeting and overlooking the operation of our modest machinery; while Mr. Arthur I Gammon, statistical secretary, was detained at home, as we deeply regretted to learn, by serious illness.

As a measure for calling out the young people of the churches practically two sessions were devoted to their work in the Sunday-school and the Christian Endeavor Society. Among the speakers of the opening

evening service devoted to the Y. P. S. C. E. were the State President, Mr. Paul C. Brown, and Rev. W. T. Patchell, of San Jose. Mr. Patchell is highly popular among the young people of Southern California and with their seniors as well, and in this session carried to a fitting climax the interest and enthusiasm of the occasion. The speakers emphasized loyalty to the local church and the denomination. One or more of the young speakers laid emphasis upon the responsibility of the pastor for the hearty cooperation of the Endeavorers with the local church in its aims and activities. As to denominational loyalty, the history and genius and opportunity of Congregationalism were for once exalted and glorified without apology. Conferences on young people's work were held, the meeting breaking into two sections, the one, led by Rev. C. W. Williams, of Avalon, on the Sunday-school, the other, led by Rev. W. N. Burr, of Corona, on the Y. P. S. C. E. As was to be expected the former section held the majority of the older as well as its due proportion of the younger people. The usual topics of modern Sunday-school administration were treated with more than usual knowledge and interest, and evidence was not wanting that the present lack of system and efficiency in many of our Sunday-schools is regarded as not only unsatisfactory but capable of correction. A difficulty not so easily overcome was only too convincingly brought out, viz., the fewness of persons in our churches who are able to communicate to others the Christian faith. No methods of Bible—and all Sunday-school teaching should be Bible teaching—no matter how scientific, can fulfil the function of the Bible School without this power. In his closing remarks in the C. E. Conference, Mr. Patchell emphasized the touch of human felowship as essential to genuine results, and especially pleaded for toleration of unusual individualities and the enrichment of fellowship which comes from the patient and willing inclusion therein of young people who do not readily submit to the mold and stamp of conventionality.

The larger fellowship through our great benevolent organizations was represented, other than by members of the Association, by Secretary Rice of the National Council Ministerial Relief Fund and Dr. C. H. Richards of the C. C. B. S. Both these brethren were welcome guests and effective exponents of their cherished causes. The latter made the closing address of Wednesday evening's session, taking the period which was to have been occupied by our beloved and venerated Dr. R. R. Meredith, of Pasadena, who to the sorrow of all his brethren, was detained by illness.

A particularly notable session was that of Wednesday morning, when, under the charming and gracious leadership of Mrs. J. H. Williams, of Redlands, assisted by Rev. R. B. Larkin, of Ontario, we had spread before us a vision of the stirring events taking place in our foreign missionary work, and when later, the great theme, "The Dynamic of Aggressive Christianity" was brilliantly and impressively treated by Rev. E. E. P. Abbott, of National City, and Rev. Edgar R. Fuller, of Bakersfield. In the earlier period, with the aid of the morning's press dispatches, we found ourselves in touch across the continent with the great meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in progress at North Adams and Williamstown, the annual sermon before that body being preached by our President Gates, of Pomona College. We learned of the successful, if, tardy, completion of the Million Dollar Campaign, and were rejoiced to learn that Southern California had by far exceeded the amount apportioned as her share of the million dollars. With genuine spontaneity, and with many an eye moistened with the upwelling gratitude, the congregation rose to their feet to "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." The papers upon "The Dynamic of Aggressive Christianity" from (1) the Historical and (2) the Practical Viewpoints, were requested by the Association for publication, and in any event can hardly be reported in a phrase, so they will be passed over here. At a later session Rev. J. M. Campbell, D.D., discussed them, leading his hearers into the very heart of the Gospel.

The consideration of Home Missions commanded unprecedented interest by reason of its place in the program as "The First Annual Convention of the Congregational Home Missionary Society of Southern California." Only last April did Southern California Congregationalism become self-supporting in its Home Missions, and report of the first six months was awaited with eagerness, not to say anxiety. Great satisfaction was felt when it was shown that the work had been carried on without any curtailment, that all missionaries had been paid monthly, and that, with every bill paid, there was a deficit of but $100. President, Geo. E. Soper of the Board of Directors, Mrs. K. G. Robertson, President of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, Treasurer S. H. Herrick and Superintendent J. L. Maile each reported from their official standpoints and each contributed some note of cheer and encouragement. The home missionary and other pastors gladly sat at the feet of an honored layman as Mr. Geo. W. Marston pictured his ideal home missionary pastor. Rev. Geo. W. Musgrove facetiously depicted the vicissitudes of a beach church and deepened his auditors' sense of the difficulties of that problem. Mr. John P. Fisk, from a layman's point of view, and Rev. Edward F. Goff, from the point of view of a pastor who had long and shrewdly observid the conditions and prospects of Southern California, stimulated the faith and the plans of the men and women who would set the stamp of Christ ineffaceably upon this marvellously developing Southland. An earlier addres by our veteran Sunday-School Missionary Superintendent, Rev. H. P. Case, deeply impressed us with the pathetic need of many to whom this foundation work ministers and completed our view of the broader field of our fellowship.

On the second evening of the meeting came the annual sermon, by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D., of Redlands. It was a model in form and utterance, and in its substance was a timely message. The text was John 14:4, especially the words "Ye know." Conscious of the latest word of criticism, the preacher maintained that none of the great verities of our faith are brought in question and that what the human soul needs to know it may know; and that it is the privilege of those who preach to pass beyond the shadows of negation and uncertainty and to speak with the ring of conviction and authority which shall win and save. At this service we were uplifted by two of the ever inspiring choruses from The Messiah, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," and the "Hallelujah," sung by the College Choral Union.

Two papers which commanded much interest were those of Rev. S. G. Emerson, of Pasadena, on "The Present Use and Opportunity for Evangelism," and that of Rev. Dana W. Bartlett entitled "The Church of the Present Day—a Social Study." Mr. Emerson was chairman of the Association's strong committee on Evangelistic Work. His paper was not heard by

this reporter, hence cannot here be detailed: but the attitude of the Association toward the subject may be indicated by the fact that it voted to approve the recommendation of the committee looking to the securing of a State Evangelist and, on the spot, raised the larger portion of a fund to guarantee his salary. Mr. Bartlett spoke out of his highly successful experience in Bethlehem Institutional Church, Los Angeles, as one having authority. He declared that the institutional church is an enterprise in line with three great world movements—Godward, together, and manward. It seeks to socialize organized religion: but such a church must be inspirational—a powerhouse whither men go for a conscious accumulation of force—an inflow of divine love—so that they may become co-workers with God in the establishment of the society of Jesus.

The last morning, Thursday at 10:40, according to the program, was to have been the time for an address by Rev. Sherlock Bristol, "The Pioneer Preacher." our father in Israel well beloved, always an eager participant in our fellowship gatherings. But, a few days before, the Messenger of Death had called him "and he was not, for God took him." The fifteen minutes appointed for his address were to be used for a brief and simple memorial of him, words to be spoken by the Rev. Messrs Abbott, Maile and Hoyt (the last named being Father Bristol's pastor at the time of his death) and a letter from Father Bristol read by Rev. E. O. Tade. When, however, these assigned parts had been taken, other brethren desired to add brief tributes, and the memorial service, with a simplicity and dignity well befitting its subject, claimed its right of way until well past the noon hour. Now a college professor, now a young home missionary pastor, now an honored brother who had incurred Father Bristol's displeasure, because of a theological difference, brought forward some tribute of love and honor. It was a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten hour. No words can do it justice; none present will ever pass beyond its influence. It was all lifted above sentimentality, and every word spoken seemed to have been necessary in the completed portrayal of the many-sided character of our saint.

A devotional service followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper fitly closed the four days of spiritual feasting.

It would be a pleasure to tell of the reception at Sumner Hall, of the chapel service attended by the association, of rejuvenating contact with the student life, of the delightful hospitality of College people and of other citizens, of the impressive spectacle of the one great village church, and of the growth and future plans of Pomona College; but the reporter remembers stern limitations and will desist.

The next meeting will be at Riverside. The preacher and alternate elected are Rev. John H. Mallows and George E. Soper, D.D.

A COMMITTEE ON FAIR TREATMENT FOR ASIATICS.

Editor "The Pacific:"

At the annual meeting of the General Association of Congregational ministers and churches of Southern California, held Oct. 8-11 at Claremont, California, the following resolution was adopted; and it was ordered that a copy of this resolution, with a statement of the action of the Association be sent to "The Pacific" and certain other prominent religious journals:

"Whereas, The unfair enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion laws in California by officers and agents of the United States Immigration Bureau and officers of the United States government results in great hardship and injustice to certain classes of Chinese in this State; and

"Whereas, Chinese are now being arrested and thrown into prison, and threatened with deportation on account of some irregularity in their certificates for which they are not responsible; and others who were born in this state, and entitled to all the rights and protection due any person born in this State, are being arrested and threatened with deportation; and others who belong to that class exempt from the application of the Exclusion Act have been arrested and imprisoned; and

"Whereas, Every Chinaman in California under the present official procedure, is presumed to be unlawfully here, and is held to be guilty until he can prove his innocence—a condition required of no other people in this country; and

"Whereas, There is a present political agitation in this State to the end that similar laws be passed by Congress for the exclusion of Japanese from this country:

"Therefore, Be it resolved: that a committee of four be appointed by this Association, known as "The Committee on Fair Treatment for the Asiatics in this Country;" the work of said committee shall be to superintend the circulation of petitions, addressed to the proper authorities, asking for a more just treatment to be accorded to the Asiatic people now in this country; also a fairer interpretation and less rigid enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act. This committee shall, if its members think best, seek the cooperation of other bodies and organizations in the formation of an organization for furthering this purpose."

The following Committee was appointed: Rev. Frank S. Forbes, Los Angeles; Rev. Chester P. Dorland, Long Beach; Mr. George W. Marston, San Diego; Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, Los Angeles.

William N. Burr, Scribe.

Corona, Calif., Oct. 12, 1906.

When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet conte t,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend! no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear:
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

Among the Churches.

California.

Los Angeles, East Hollywood.—A council of recognition assembled at this place on Wednesday, October 3rd, and the East Hollywood Church was given recognition as a Congregational church, with a charter membership of 47. The Rev. F. L. Newcomb is pastor.

Los Angeles, Dolgeville.—The new building at Dolgeville will be dedicated on the 21st. The church was recognized by council recently and has asked admission into the Los Angeles Association. This Dolgeville church is on the institutional plan and has been the result of work done here by the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Bethlehem Institute.

Woodland.—The first services held in our church here for nearly a year were held last Sunday, when Rev. G. H. DeKay preached to as happy a congregation as ever met in any church. A business meeting was called for the week following and steps are being taken to call a pastor. Mr. DeKay will supply until the pastorate is filled. They who are members of the church now are earnest and united and there is no doubt that we shall have again a strong evangelical church in this important center. There is a good building free from debt, and the outlook is very encouraging.

Oakland, Fourth.—On the Friday evening set aside for social intercourse, many families and friends gathered to welcome strangers and to further neighborly interest and fellowship among the members. Mr. Harry Lobb entertained all with his beautiful and extremely interesting stereopticon views of Pike's Peak, while the children were later entertained by a committee of young ladies selected for this purpose. Mr. Maar has resumed his short sermons to children on Sunday mornings, which prove very interesting and helpful to parents as well as the younger ones. The first of a series of weddings (made possible by the atractions of the young ladies in the choir) is to take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 17th. Miss Dora May Leiter, daughter of Trustee E. T. Leiter, is to be married at that time to Mr. Doremus Platt Scudder, son of Rev. Mr. Scudder of Rio Vista, formerly of Berkeley.

Washington.

Hillyard.—Our church in Hillyard has cause for rejoicing. Sunday morning, Oct. 7 was our communion service. A large audience present and 14 rereived into membership; 8 by letter and 6 on confession. There are others to unite with us soon. A collection amounting to $7.50 was taken for the Church Building Society. This church has just assumed self-support, therefore we feel the added financial responsibility. Plans are being made to pay off a small debt still due on the parsonage, after which we will be free from debt.

Seattle, Edgewater Church.—Sunday, October 7 was observed by this church as Rally Day and proved a day of joy and gladness. After many months of silence, to the delight of all, the bell once again called the worshipers together. At the morning service, Holy Communion was celebrated and nine persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church, making a total of 25 since April, at which time Dr. Kantner began his pastorate. The Sunday-school had an interesting program not the least of which was the splendid offering which the children brought to free the school from debt. The Endeavorers also rallied in goodly numbers and a large congregation came to hear the message of the evening service. What added considerably to the interest of the occasion was the fact that the church edifice and gymnasium had both been beautifully painted and other much needed repairs had been made. The gymnasium is at present being fitted up with shower baths and other conveniences. When all is done the whole plant will present a very attractive appearance and will answer all present needs nicely. Notwithstanding this, plans are now being formulated and financial preparations are being made looking toward the erection of a new house of worship in the course of several years. The whole church seems aroused and hopeful.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and Vicinity will be held in Plymouth Church San Francisco on Monday evening October 29th. The topic for consideration will be "The Restoration of San Francisco."

The Rev. A. W. Hare, pastor at Santa Cruz, has been asked by the Evangelistic Committee of the General Association of Northern California to take up evangelistic work within the bounds of the Association, and has agreed to do so. Mr. Hare has done a highly satisfactory work at Santa Cruz during his two years' pastorate at that place and it is with reluctance that his church will agree to his resignation. However, both pastor and church recognize the importance of the work to which he has been called and the surrender will be made. Mr. Hare is an able and interesting speaker and has many qualifications for the work to which he has been called. When a student at the Moody Institute in Chicago, and later, he had considerable successful experience in the evangelistic field.

ASSOCIATION AFTERMATH.

The Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, which was held in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, was given to a consideration of the recent meeting of the General Association at San Jose, the Rev. Walter Frear leading. He characterized it as "a truly good one—thoroughly fraternal;" and commended that arrangement of the program which made it possible for us to give more consideration than formerly to the problems which confront us. He noted it as a good sign of the times that the young men were at the front and showed that they were capable of grappling with things in such a manner as to work out successful issues. Mr. Frear spoke of the Associations of the earlier years as being rare occasions of fellowship; saying that the remarkable spirit of fellowship was much commented on by people from the East. Somewhat of this, he said, seemed to have been lost for a time; but at San Jose it was restored in all its glory.

The reports from the churches by the registrars of the local associations was regarded as the very

best method. And the way the Association took hold of the question of evangelism and that of putting into the field a capable man was heartily commended. No criticism, no discussion as to this or that method as in the past, but a straightforward movement to the fact that evangelization is of value and a quick and unanimous decision to undertake evangelistic work in the churches.

Of course Mr. Frear, who has shown his devotion to The Pacific and to the cause of Ministerial Relief in ways manifold, was pleased in that these interests had the attention which was accorded them.

The Rev. B. F. Sargent said that it was impossible for him to tell how greatly he enjoyed the Association. He was of opinion that it marked a new era in our California Congregationalism.

The Rev. S. R. Yarrow noted the practical trend throughout.

Professor Buckham called attention to the value of that part of the program the first afternoon which was devoted to topics which had to do with religious education. And as one who had come not very long ago from the East he said that he was much impressed by the remarkable fellowship of it.

The Rev. H. F. Burgess spoke of the great desire in his heart for more unity and yet was glad that Mr. Rader had shown that we had because of our past a silver trumpet and had suggested that we blow it. He spoke also of gratification over what was said about the value of The Pacific to our coast Congregationalism and all higher interests and of the very sensible utterances on the temperance question.

The Rev. M. B. Fisher thought that not enough time had been given for the discussion of the papers, though others who had spoken before him, had expressed the opinion that there had been in this respect cmmendable improvement over other years. Mr. Fisher said concerning his own paper on "What the Church Should do for and With its Young People," that in it he was feeling his way and would have been pleased if there could have been considerable time for discussion.

The Rev. W. H. Hopkins spoke of the high value of the little that he experienced of it, and regretted that he had to leave so early. The historical part of it, as it had come to him, he felt was of great value. It is well to look back and link the past with the present and the future.

The Rev. J. Kimball commended the reversed order which brought the sermon with its spiritual uplift at the close. He showed that the order was as to topics: the practical, the historical, the social; and then the climax as to the spiritual, in the sermon and the communion service the closing evening.

The Rev. Dr. Meserve spoke of the admirable manner in which everything was planned and how with the young men leading and the older men heartily cooperating all things had gone through to a pleasing issue.

The Rev. F. H. Maar told of the delight the delegates from his church had in the entire meeting and stated that they were ready to go almost anywhere for the sake of so helpful and enjoyable an occasion.

Professor Nash spoke concerning the plan for equalizing the expenses of the ministers who attend the Association meetings, suggesting something other than the one now in existence. He stated that some ministers who lived not far from the place where the Association had met had remained away because they could not on their meager salaries pay the expense to which they would be put by the present pooling arrangement.

The meeting of the ministers was followed by the annual meeting of the Ministers' Relief Society. While this was in progress and the Editor of The Pacific was hurrying away to attend the afternoon session of the Interdenominational Missionary Conference in Oakland, with three graham crackers and eight dried prunes in his pocket, carried as a lunch to be eaten en route, he was caught by the ladies of Plymouth Church and was seated at the beautiful table on which had been spread a bountiful and most inviting lunch, and was bidden go ahead without the ceremony of waiting for the other brethren. And ere long it amazed all, thereabouts, to see how one who should plan to subsist on three graham crackers and eight dried prunes could lay away the food on that table. The meeting was adjourned speedily. But the Editor went away with the taste in his mouth of a piece from each of three of the finest cakes that eyes ever looked on or his lips tasted. And yet, so abundant was the provision which the ladies had made in every way, in substantials and delicacies, that we doubt not there were left baskets of fragments after all had partaken.

CATHEDRALS FOR CITIES.

The building of cathedrals is quite as ardently favored in the Episcopal Church today as was the same task in the Church of England in the middle and later ages. This statement is made as the result of inquiry, answers to which invariably are that Episcopal Church officials in all See cities are desirous of having cathedrals, and the only reason they do not have them is the stress of more imperative demands.

Buildings worthy the name cathedral have thus far been erected in only two dioceses. These are Albany and Long Island, the former the personal ambition of the first and only bishop the diocese has ever had, Right Rev. Dr. William Crosswell Doane, and the latter thrust upon Garden City through the schemes of the late A. T. Stewart to develop a land project. The Garden City Cathedral was erected with Stewart funds and has a modest endowment for its support.

The most ambitious cathedral project in America is that of St. John the Divine, on Cathedral Heights, New York city. This structure is to cost $10,000,000 and to have $10,000,000 endowment. Bishop Potter was urged by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt to build a modest cathedral, to cost a million or so, and he is said to have offered the bishop the million needed. The bishop declined the offer, and then announced his intention to lay plans for a cathedral so large that his successor could not contract the lines and keep his reputation.

San Francisco is rejoicing over the gift to the California Diocese of the whole block on Nob Hill formerly occupied by the Crocker mansions. It is one of the most commanding sites in the world, and will do a great deal to strengthen the Episcopal Church on the Pacific Coast. It is announced that the name to be selected will be Grace Cathedral, after the name of Grace parish, which lost its church in the recent fire and is now to be merged into the cathedral foundation.

There are four or five dioceses whose bishops affect the cathedral form and have modest buildings which are termed cathedrals. Among these are Fond du Lac, where the ritualistic Bishop Grafton resides;

Milwaukee, Omaha, and Laramie, Wyo. There are some bishops who have what they call cathedrals and they maintain in part the staffs of cathedrals. Among these are Bishop Tuttle of Missouri, Bishop Woodcock of Kentusky, and Bishop Codman of Maine.

Five See cities in America and two outside of it have definnite cathedral projects on hand. One of these is Denver, where there used to be a cathedral, but it burned; and now on a new site, quite near to the Capitol, a new cathedral far surpassing the old one is to rise. A second is Cleveland and a third Memphis, in both of which fine structures are nearing completion. Boston has funds in sight large enough in amount to make a beginning of a cathedral foundation, and the plan of having such an establishment is everywhere received with satisfaction. Washington, the national capital, has a vast cathedral project on hand, the site of which has been selected and two cathedral schools founded and put in operation.

In Manila and in Havana the Episcopal bishops early set out to have churches worthy the name cathedrals and in both of them such structures have been started. The argument of cathedral builders is that commerce erects palaces for itself, and that religion must do the same if it is to command respect on its material side. It is also held that these great foundations will be reservoirs of interest, and commissaries of financial strength; the argument being based on the fact that it is the large parishes of the Episcopal Church that give proportionately, most liberally to missions, foreign as well as domestic.—Boston Transcript.

THE PASSING OF A NOTED EVANGELIST.

By W. E. Vaughan, Editor Pacific Methodist Advocate.

I clip the following from the associated press:

"MEMPHIS, Oct. 15.—"Sam" Jones, the noted evangelist, dropped dead today on a Chocktaw, Oklahoma, and Gulf train, near Little Rock. Mr. Jones' home is at Cartersville, Ga."

With him on this train, homeward bound, from the Indian Territory, were his wife, two daughters, Mrs. Annie Pyron, Miss Julia Jones, also Rev. Walter Holcomb, who, not many months ago became associated with Mr. Jones in evangelistic work.

He had been holding special services at Oklahoma, Indian Ter., but according to reports, left for home without meeting all of his engagements. As is known, he has been in rather poor health for several months, and very probably the strain of work was too severe, producing the sudden collapse.

He died in his fifty-ninth year, and no man of the last quarter of a century has led a more strenuous life; and no man is more widely known than Sam. P. Jones.

He was a law unto himself, and his failing to adhere to the well beaten paths, whether in the working polity of his Church, or preaching her theology, he often brought down upon his head the just criticism of those who are responsible for law and order.

His life work will count for good. He has done much that is hurtful, but more that is helpful. His coarseness in public speech has brought forth a horde of pulpit buffons, whose kind, we are glad to say is fast disappearing. But the man—getting down where men lived; disclosing in words that glowed with the fire of a loving heart, and blazed with indignation against the sins of his day—has put into operation a moral force in the life of the masses, the potency of which only God can measure.

There was something in the man that secured for him always an audience. When announced to speak, the place was often crowded to overflowing before the hour to open the service. Other evangelists, like order to have a general interest in the proposed revival services, displayed great generalship in getting the cooperation of all the pastors in the city and their several charges. It was not so with Sam. Jones. He did not need it. He was a whole show himself, and when he came to town everybody turned out to hear him, for something was doing. It was not possible for dulness and Sam. Jones' meetings at the same time to stay under the same roof. To get near him and hear him seemed an irresistible impulse. Not infrequently many would leave his meetings in a fit of anger at what he had said, but to soon return with heart bounding in the great peace of God, the central theme of this, the most unique preacher of America.

When he held his meetings in San Francisco some fifteen years ago, the largest theater building in the city could not hold his congregations that crowded to hear him, and yet to use almost his own words: "San Francisco was the toughest ground that he ever tried to put his gospel plow in."

It is said for years it has been his custom not to preach in his own town, Cartersville, Ga., at either the morning or evening hour for usual worship on Sunday, but at some hour in the afternoon, lest the great crowds of all denominations flocking to his tabernacle would seriously affect the congregations of the several churches of his city.

He dispised cant with a perfect hatred, which explains his withering sarcasms that he, with telling effect, often hurled against sham respectibility—having a form of godliness but denying its power. His sermons were not sermons, strictly speaking. Like himself, they conformed to no order, and failed in arrangement for true sermon building. The staid, logical and orderly form in which a discourse shapes itself in the mind of a thinker, was utterly foreign to him. He chafed under such limitations. The sins and despicable meanness of men so overwhelmed him with the sense of urgent appeal for them to "quit their meanness" as that the "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly" and "fourthly" of the orderly arranged sermon were as fetters to his soul, seeking to make sledge-hammer blows against the sinfulness of sin.

That such an one would be lacking in his theology is not surprising. That which bore on how to get the meanness out of men and put goodness there, he utilized with all his power, but this was his stock in trade, and hence his sermons have justly been designated by the truly analytical mind as "Sayings of Sam Jones."

With his going every evangelical cause, and every movement of reform in Church and civic life have lost an ardent advocate.

He was born and reared in Georgia, and became identified with the M. E. Church, South, after he had one beyond his twentieth year. Soon after his conversion he received license to preach, and joined the North Georgia Conference and was a traveling preacher in that Conference for several years before he took an honorable location, that he might be at

liberty to meet his numerous engagements in the evangelistic work.

The Quiet Hour.

"To him who marks the sparrow's fall
Nothing is great, or small, or strange;
Death has its hour and life its change,
And runs the love of God through all.

"Help us, O Lord, to bear thy love;
Thy love is great; bend thou our will
To thy own law that guides us still,
And guides the wandering lights above."

PRAYER.

Almighty God, we are not all earthly; we have in us some fire of the heavenly, some presence of the divine. May we live in the direction of that higher consciousness, aspiring to the light, growing in grace, struggling towards God. Yea, though the struggle be most vehement, and sometimes unequal because of the power of the enemy and the weakness of the flesh, yet may our purpose be towards heaven, and our intention be fixed upon God. We praise Thee for as many as have known Christ spiritually, and have been grafted into the true Vine, and have grown up into heaven —gone away from us for a little time, but still in the Vine, and bearing fruit beyond the line of human sight. May we grow up after them, and in Thine own good time may the branches intermingle in the heavens. Amen.

A BROKEN LIFE.

There are few entirely unbroken lives in this world; there are few men who fulfill their own hopes and plans without thwarting or interruption at some point. Now and then there is one who in early youth marks out a course for himself and then moves straight on it to its goal, but most persons live very differently from their own early dreaming. Many find at the close of their career that in scarcely one particular have they realized their own life dreams; at every point God has simply set aside their plans and substituted his own.

There are some lives whose plans are so completely thwarted that their story is most pathetic as we read it; yet we have but to follow it through to the end to see that the broken life was better and more effective than if its own plan had been carried out.

The story of Harriet Newell is an illustration of a broken life. Listening to the cries of the perishing and to the call of duty, she sailed away as a missionary. She had in her heart a great purpose and a great hope. She planned to devote her rich and beautiful life, with all its powers of love and sympathy and helpfulness, to the cause of Christ in heathen lands; she hoped to be a blessing to thousands as she lived a sweet life amid the darkness and heathenism, and told the story of Christ's cross to perishing ones. With these desires and hopes in her soul she sailed away to India, but she was never permitted to do any work for Christ among those she so yearned to save. Driven from inhospitable shores and drifting along at sea, first her baby died, and then she herself soon sank into death's silence. In one short year she was bride, missionary, mother and saint.

Truly, her life seemed a broken one—defeated, a failure. Not one of the glorious hopes of her own consecration was realized. She told no heathen sister of the love of Christ; she taught no little child the way of salvation; she had no opportunity to live a sweet life in the midst of the black heathenism she so wanted to bless; yet that little grain of wheat let fall into the ground and dying there has yielded a wonderful harvest. The story of her life has kindled the missionary spirit in thousands of other women's souls. Harriet Newell, dying with all her heart's only hopes unrealized, has done far more for missions by the inspiration of her heroic example and by the story of her life's sacrifice than she could ever have done in the longest life of the best service in the field. The broken life became more to the world than it could have become by the carrying out of its own plans.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAYS.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are threescore and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is only ours when it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.

It is a blessed secret, this living day by day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. "Do to-day's fight; fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them." God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—British Weekly.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school.
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book
I cast a wistful look
Where posies grow,

Oh, let me know
That flowers within
Are best to win.

These lessons thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get and share,
To work and play
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask,
To choose my daily task?
Thou hast decreed
To meet my need.
What pleases thee,
That shall please me.
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

The Home.

KEEP SWEET.

"Suppose a world of troubles do
Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends, considered true,
Your trust in them betray;
That rocks may bruise and thorns may tear
Your worn and weary feet,
And every day you meet a snare—
Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire
That forms within your mind;
That earth denies you half your hire
And Heaven seems quite unkind;
That you have not the best to wear,
Nor yet the best to eat;
You seem to have the meanest fare—
Keep sweet.

A sour heart makes things worse,
And harder still to bear.
A merry heart destroys the curse,
And makes the heavens fair.
So I advise, whate'er your case,
Whatever you may meet,
Dwell on the good; forget the base—
Keeep sweet."

THE APOLOGIZING HABIT AND ITS CURE.

The apologizing habit.

Is any trait of our fellow man or woman quite so distressing as a bad case of this particular malady?

It is only less annoying than family skeletons brought out in public.

And the cure?

Well, the best one is a good dose of apologies from another chronic apologist.

Said a bright woman the other day:

"I kept on making apologies for real or imaginary causes until I chanced to be the guest of a woman who went so far beyond what I had attained in that line that it occured to me I was in a fair way of making my friends as uncomfortable as she unconsciously did me.

"This woman was an ideal housekeeper and one of the best cooks; but not a meal did I enjoy of her serving, because of uncalled for apologies.

"'I forgot to salt my bread and it is so tasteless that it is not fit to eat; I am afraid you cannot make out a supper.'

"I made haste to say that I had not noticed the omission and assured her that her cooking never called for excuses, she would accuse me of tryinng to flatter her and would continue to apologize, until at the end of the meal, I felt as if I had swallowed a stone, instead of perfectly cooked food.

"Observation has taught me that guests, as a rule, do not see what in the eyes of the hostess seems to call for apology.

"I recently called upon a woman of culture and was greatly enjoying her vivid account of her trip abroad, when she suddenly came to a pause and in a shocked tone exclaimed: 'The maid neglected to dust that piano! Why, I could write my name upon it!"

"Then seeing through her eyes the beautiful scenery mine had never rested upon, I was called back to the drudgery of life; when the truth was that my back was toward the piano, and so I should but for the apology, have remained in ignorance of the neglect of the maid. The call, which might have been wholly interesting, ended in complaints.

"The most enduring lesson came to me from one who, under the most trying circumstances, refrained from making any apologies. This sensible woman at that time I did not count as a friend, though I had long known her as a gifted personality, and had once the pleasure of entertaining her in my home, when she was a delegate to a convention.

"Finding myself in her home city, I thought I would call upon her. When I halted before the house I saw such an obstruction of plaster and debris that I was about to turn back, but a workman near the open door said: 'If you are looking for Mrs. A, I will call her.'

"'Oh, don't!" exclaimed I, thinking 'not at home' would be the result, but the man evidently knew the woman he was working for. He bounded off; and an instant later the lady appeared at a back door of the parlors, which were being replastered, and with a warm welcome written on her face exclaimed:

"'This isn't the sort of reception you gave me, but I am delighted to see you anyhow.' And then, when I was drawn into a room overcrowded with furniture, what cared I for lack of order, in view of such a welcome?

"I had expected to go back to the hotel for lunch, but I forgot to note the flght of time as I conversed with the woman who was superior to trying circumstances; and never shall I forget how, with a rougish smile, she reminded me that it was lunch time by putting this query:

"My dear, do you like hasty pudding and milk?'

'When I unthinkingly responded in the affirmative she exclaimed: 'Then you must share my lunch with me, for otherwise I shall be alone. Now, don't make excuses, for you are doing me a real kindness to stay.' I could not resist the invitation, which was evidently so heartfelt, and from that visit and simple meal, dates a friendship which has extended over long years, cemented at a time when almost any housekeeper would have excused herself from seeing anyone.

"In fact, so easily and unobtrusively does the habit grow that freedom from it under given circumstances

may often be taken for an evidence of thoroughly good breeding."—Cleveland Leader.

MENDING THE BREAK.

"A broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show," some one says with a good bit of truth and wisdom.

Friendship is a precious thing—too priceless a treasure to be carelessly broken or lightly thrown away. A true friend is a very anchor of comfort and strength and courage. One may be hardly dealt with, and suffer injustice and misunderstanding and many other cruel things; but the heart will turn to a strong, true friend and find comfort in the thought that this one at least understands and appreciates and sympathizes.

If you have even one such a friend, do all in your power to keep the friendship unbroken. Let no cloud of slight or suspicion mar your happiness in each other. Avoid the break—for when it does come it cannot easily be mended so that it will be just as it was before between you.

The cause of a break in a friendship may be smoothed away and forgiven and renewed pledges of friendship made and kept well. But whenever a jarring note creeps in—a little discord that would have passed over lightly before the break—the thought will come in spite of all:

"I cannot trust this one as I did once. He has been cruel and unjust and hard to me that one time. We are friends again it is true, but it is not just as it was before."

It is a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. But the hurt in the heart does not heal readily or entirely, the confidence does not come back fully— the break is hard to mend and is hard to conceal.—Cora S. Day.

THE MOTHER'S "NO."

There are few things more conducive to disobedience and stubbornness in children than the constant use of the words "no" and "don't." The mother should hesitate more than once before saying them. Listen patiently to a little one's request before saying "no," no matter how trivial it may seem to you. It may mean much to him. If the request is reasonable, even though it may cause you some little inconvenience, try to grant it. If, however, saying "yes" to the child is going to cause a great deal of discomfort to some one else, if it is not for the child's good, or if after deliberation what is asked seems wrong in your judgment, give the child a short but intelligent reason for a denial, then let no amount of teasing change your decision. It is not necessary to be stern in this matter, but firm, and the child will soon learn to accept your judgment without fretting, satisfied in the feeling that you know best. Always think twice before saying "no," but once said, stick to it; do not retreat.—Harper's Bazar.

A missionary writes of amazing eagerness to hear the gospel in Korea: "Four hundred Korean women, all on foot, many unable to read, a baby on the back of most, and often a bag of rice, through pouring rain, with no umbrellas, across rocky passes, and narrow paths between watery rice fields—three or four days they treveled to reach the one who would tell them of Jesus.

Young People.

A FEW "HOLDS."

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.

Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be, your best wealth.

FOUR RATS.

An exchange tells the story of a poor workingman who told his wife, on awakening one morning, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denoted calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "That fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the saloon you so often go to; and the two lean rats are my mother and me; and the blind rat, father, is yourself."

That boy was a modern Joseph in the interpretation of dreams.—Hearld and Presbyter.

JUST MY LUCK.

If the boy who exclaims, "Just my luck" were truthful, he would say, "Just my laziness," or "Just my inattention."

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with a busy pen or ringing hammer, lays foundation of competence.

Luck whines; labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance; labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence; labor strides upward to independence.

"Luck" in the bible sense is a good old English word—"I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord." But "luck," with no thought of providence is a bad word.

"YOU HAVE MY PARDING MISS."

A pleasing little incident is related in the Ram's Horn, showing the winning power of politeness even when displayed among the homelier walks of life.

A young lady, in hastily turning the corner of a

street in London, accidentiv ran with great force into a ragged beggar boy and nearly knocked him over. Stopping as soon as she could and retracing her steps, she said, very kindly, "I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am sorry I ran against you."

The boy was wholly amazed; he looked at the lady one moment, and then, taking off his tattered cap, made a graceful bow and said, as his face lit up with a smile: "You have my parding, miss, and ye're welcome to it. And say, the next time you run ag'in me, you kin knock me clean down and I wont say a word.'

After the lady had passed on, the boy said to a companion: "I say, Jim, it's fine to hev somebody asking yer parding, ain't it?

"LOCK YOUR LIPS."

"Lock your lips children," said the teacher. Instantly the childish voices ceased their prattle, and all the little lips in the kindergarten were tightly closed. Two or three youngsters evidently could not trust themselves to keep silence without extra precaution, and it was with considerable amusement that I noticed them holding their lips together with their fingers.

As I watched those kindergarten tots—most of them scarcely more than babies—I thought that, if some of us older people were willing to humble ourselves and become "as one of these little ones" we might learn a valuable lesson. The unkind and unjust words, spoken in anger, and often repented of as soon as spoken, are gone with the sting and the smart. They cannot be recalled. How many bitter feelings and heartaches might be spared if some of us only locked our lips instead of obeying the first impulse to speake unkindly! And even with locked lips, if not sure of ourselves, would it not be wise to follow the example of the children, and hold our lips close together with our fingers until the anger has died out of our hearts?

"Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that when you're flying words.
'Careful with fire,' is good advice, we know;
'Careful with words,' is ten times doubly so."

—S. S. Times.

A FUNNY BRIDGE.

Right in the middle of a city in Ohio one river empties into another, and so the city is divided into three parts. It is really three towns sitting "catacornered" to each other, with the waters between them. One river is the murmuring Muskingum, hurrying along between its big echoing hills, and the other is the lazy Licking, flowing quietly between green gardens and osier fields and overhanging trees. Both of them have mills to turn. The blue Muskingum spreads out in the sun and shines like a mirror above its milldam, and then it tumbles down with a roar as it turns the mill and hurries away over the rocks as if it were angry at being caught and put at such a task. But the Licking spills itself smoothly into the Muskingum and sings happily at its work. So you see the lazy Licking does not get past here without doing some work, for the inhabitants are very industrious. Then the rivers unite their waters and make a stream deep enough to float barges full of crockery, and steamboats laden with all the things they make here, down to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi and away to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now when it came to building a bridge to join the city together the wise men of the place saw that it would have to be a bridge with three ends . A queer bridge that would be, indeed, for who ever heard of a bridge with more than two ends to it? There was not such a thing in the United States. But they had to have it, and so they made it. And it was the only bridge of the kind in the world, except one in Switzerland that is somewhat like it. To look at it, one would thnk that each town had started to build a bridge out to the others and all three bridges had met in the middle of the river. Each part of the bridge had four hallways, two big ones for horses and two little ones for people walking. It had a shingle roof over all the length of it, and windows in the sides, so that it was a sort of house bridge. When it rained you could go out on the river and be out of the wet. Where the bridges came together there was a big room in the middle of the river, with the twelve hallways opening into it. Can you imagine what a roomfull of horses and wagons and people that was, with the people of three towns all crossing from hall to hall as they came and went in different directions? Everybody in the three parts of the city had to come out here whenever they went to any of the others. And so they all met in the room out in the middle of the river, no matter where they were coming from or where they were going.—Charles D. Stewart, in St Nicholas.

Esperanto the latest artificial language is having remarkable success. For the first ten years after its invention by Dr. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, it received little attention, "Volpuk" having its run of success. Since 1897 its progress has been rapid. The first international Esperantist congress opened at Geneva, Switzerland, on August 29. A thousand members, representing ewenty nations, including the United States, were in attendance. Dr. Zamehoff was present and received an ovation. The Pope sent a message of approval to the editor of the Esperantist Review, the official Esperantist organ. The Esperanto Association now has more than 200 societies, scattered all over the world, each being the center of an active propaganda. On the continent of Europe it has been added to the curricula of many schools and colleges, and last March the London Chamber of Commerce decided to include it in its examinations in its educational department, placing it on an equal footing with English, French and Spanish. The new language, like all such attempts, has simple rules of grammar with no exceptions and words that are formed from the most common words in the various European languages. It is said that one can master its rules in an hour and acquire a fair use of the language in a very short time. Of course it is not intended to take the place of any historic language in literary or in common use, but it is intended only as a ready means of communication among peoples of different speech. Whether it will have its little day, as did "Volpuk," or grow into a widespread an permanent instrument of communication remains to be seen.

Adoniram Judson said: "I never was deeply interested in any object; I never prayed earnestly and sincerely, for anything, but it came. At some time, no matter at how distant a day; somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came." How many of us can say the same thing?

EATING FOR THE CAUSE.

The measure of charity is the degree of personal sacrifice. A story which has probably been told before comes from a member of the committee of arrangements for a church fair. In her work she had employed a good-natured colored boy, who had fetched and carried for her day and night. He had collected all the potted palms in the neighborhood, and taken them to the church without a mishap. He had borne messages to every member of the committee. Although he had been paid for the work, his excellent service seemed to demand an additional reward.

To combine two good deeds in one, the lady called him, after all the patrons had finished supper, and told him to eat as much as he could. He obeyed. Ice-cream freezers were scraped to the bottom. One pretty maid after another brought him the remains of chocolate cakes. The strawberry boxes were cleaned down to the smallest pink stains. Still Bob ate and smiled.

Finally when there was nothing more to eat, the lady came into the room and prepared to pay for Bob's supper. The treasurer made out the check. It amounted to two dollars and twenty-five cents.

Bob's patron looked surprised, but said nothing, and opened her purse.

Bob stood beside her, wiping his mouth, and shifting from one foot to the other.

"Thank you very much, miss," he said. "I ate all dey was. I done de bes' I could foh de cause."

Kindergarten teacher explained to little Dorothy that an Indian woman was called a squaw, and asked her what an Indian baby was called. The reply came promptly: "A squawker."

Suburban Patient: "Doctor. I am sorry you have had to come so far from your regular practice."

Doctor: "Oh, it's all right. I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone."

A gentleman who was once stopped by an old man begging, replied: "Don't you know, my man, that fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter?" replied the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Fortune."

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